

R. P. Barrett testifies by affidavit in substance as follows:-

“My name is R.P.Barrett. I live at 549 West North Avenue in the city of Atlanta; I worked for the National Pencil Factory about four years in all; I was in the employ of said company in April, 1913 and at the time of the murder of Mary Phagan; I was a witness for the state on the trial of Leo M. Frank charged with the murder of Mary Phagan.

“I am well acquainted with Jimmie Wrenn, he having worked in the machine shop of the National Pencil Factory at the same time I was in their employ.

“On a Sunday morning not long after the trial of Leo M. Frank, Jimmie Wrenn met up with me at or near the corner of Marietta and Forsyth Streets and entered into a conversation with me about the Frank case. We walked down Forsyth Street to the corner of Trinity Avenue and stopped there for a little while. Just before we separated, Jimmie said to me ‘Barrett, you are in a good position to make a barrel of money if you will go to New Orleans and change your statement in the Frank case.’ I asked him: ‘What do you want me to do?’ and he replied, ‘I want you to go to New Orleans and change your statement in the Frank case.’ I said ‘Jimmie, whom are you working for?’ And he replied ‘For Mr. Burke.’ I did not then know Mr. Burke or what Mr. Burke he had reference to. Before I left him, he said ‘Barrett – if you don’t want to do this, don’t tell anybody. If you do, tell me first and give me a chance to leave town.’ We were together there only a short time after this, and I left him. Pretty soon after this conversation at the corner of Forsyth street and Trinity Avenue, Jimmie Wrenn came out to my house early one morning. I was just leaving home and had walked down toward the carline. Jimmie called me and I waited for him. He came up and said ‘Barrett, you haven’t said anything to anybody about that yet, have you? I told him No. He then said ‘Well, don’t tell anybody about it; but if you do, let me know before you tell, so I can leave town.’ I probably said ‘Allright’ – I do not recall positively.

“This was the last of the matter between Jimmie and me until just before or about the time the Supreme Court rendered its decision in the Leo M. Frank case. Early in 1914 – I think it was in February – Jimmie Wrenn met me in the post office in Atlanta. He asked me if I wouldn’t like to make \$4.00 a day for about 6 days and my expenses to New Orleans and return. I asked him what to do. He replied he was working for a press agent from Chicago who was going to write a book on the Frank trial; that this man, the press agent, wanted to get a statement from every witness who testified at the trial. I told Jimmie I would go and he said for me to meet him at the Terminal station at 3:30 P.M. the following Saturday afternoon, which was the next day. He said he would have passes for us. According to my promise, I met him at the Terminal station the next day at 3:30 o’clock in the afternoon, and he showed me two passes to New Orleans and return. I told him I would have to go home first before I could get off. He handed me a one dollar bill saying ‘Here’s a dollar for car fare. Hurry back.’

“Instead of going home, I went to Solicitor General Dorsey’s office to report this to him, but he was out of the city, I was told. I gave the information to Mr. E.A. Stephens, an assistant to Mr. Dorsey, who advised me to delay the trip and talk it over with Mr. Dorsey on his return.

“When I went back to Jimmie at the corner of Madison Avenue and Mitchell Street, we walked down to Whitehall and Mitchell. I told him I could not go. He said ‘Well, if you are scared, Mr. Kelly will be in Atlanta Monday and I will carry you around to the Kimball House to see him, at 2 o’clock in the afternoon.’

Mr. Kelly was the name of the man he said was the press agent from Chicago.

“I met Jimmie at the Fourth National Bank corner at 1:30 Monday afternoon and he said we were thirty minutes too early. That Mr. Kelly would not be there until 2 o’clock. We waited around until 2 o’clock and went up to the Kimball House to a room the number of which I do not recall. Jimmie knocked at the door and a man I did not know opened the door and invited us in. After we got inside Jimmie introduced the man to me as Mr. Kelly from Chicago. This man asked me to have a seat and told me he was a press agent and that he wanted a statement from all of the state’s witnesses in the Frank case. I told him to go to the courthouse and he could get my statement. He said that would not do, it would

have to come from the witness's own mouth and have his own signature to it before his house would receive it.

"During this conversation, he said 'Barrett – what do you do? I told him I was a machinist. He says 'I have a brother who is the master mechanic at the Southern Railroad shops; I might get you a good job at Hutcherson, Kansas. I know the people there. He asked me if I was a married man, and I told him I was. He said 'Barrett, do you know that I am the man who caught the murderer of Pearl Bryant, in New Castle, Pa?'

"In discussing the blood spots which I testified I found in the Pencil factory, he said: 'When you found that spot it was only a white spot.' He asked me if that wasn't all I knew about it. I told him that when I found it, the white spot was mixed with blood and he replied 'I didn't know that.'

"He tried to keep it uppermost in my mind that he was writing a book and he said 'If you let me win this point you will be rewarded with enough money to get you a handsome house and lot.' At this time we were talking of the spots and whether they were just white spots or had red mixed with the white.

"This man said to me 'Barrett, I believe you think I'm trying to trick you.' He added 'If I were to put down a lie and send it to my house they would write back down here and say 'Burke, what in the Hell -----'; then he stopped without finishing the sentence, for he saw he had given himself away. I thought I was talking to a Mr. Kelly from Chicago, but I afterwards found out that this man was C.W.Burke, formerly a special officer for the Southern Railroad.

"It was getting late by this time so I told him I would have to go as I had some business I must attend to. He had been writing while we were talking. When I was about to go he asked me to read over what he had written and if I found anything in it I didn't like to make a check mark by it. I said I didn't care to do it, but he pleaded with me to just sit down and read it over and check off the part I didn't like. I told him he could write down all he liked and check off what he pleased but that I would check nothing off. I then left him after promising to see him next day, which however, I did not do.

"The above is a true statement of events that transpired and conversations that took place between Jimmie Wrenn and me also between C.W.Burke (the man introduced to me as Mr. Kelly) and me. During the conversation in the Kimball House between Burke and me, Jimmie Wrenn was in and out the room, coming and going as he pleased. He seemed to be thoroughly acquainted with 'Mr. Kelly' as he called Burke, appearing to be quite intimate and confidential with him.

"The following week after the murder of Mary Phagan, Mr. Dorsey or someone had an electrician to run electric lights down in the basement of the pencil factory and a very thorough search was made in the basement for anything that would throw light on the murder. Those down there were hunting for any clues that might be found. There were in the crowd Mr. Dorsey, a stranger whom I did not know, but understood was a detective, - Mr. Pat Campbell, Mr. E.A.Stephens, Mr. Plennie Minor, Mr. Dan Goodlin, Mr. N.A.Garner and I think several city officers. Every nook and corner of that basement was searched, every box and barrel moved and every bit of trash moved. There was not a book or scratch pad down there that we saw or found. Waste paper and trash, when carried to the basement was always piled in front of the furnace and kept there until it was burned in the furnace. It was constantly burned every week, and there was no accumulation of paper and blank books or other kinds of books down there.

"Becker left there in January, 1913, I think. I understood that he was going to New York with the Fabre Pencil Co."